

BATMAN
No. 42

AUG...SEPT.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

The PARTNERS IN PERIL
face the steel-clawed
fury of
The CATWOMAN



"Hey—
who's the genius?"



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

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World-famous little camera

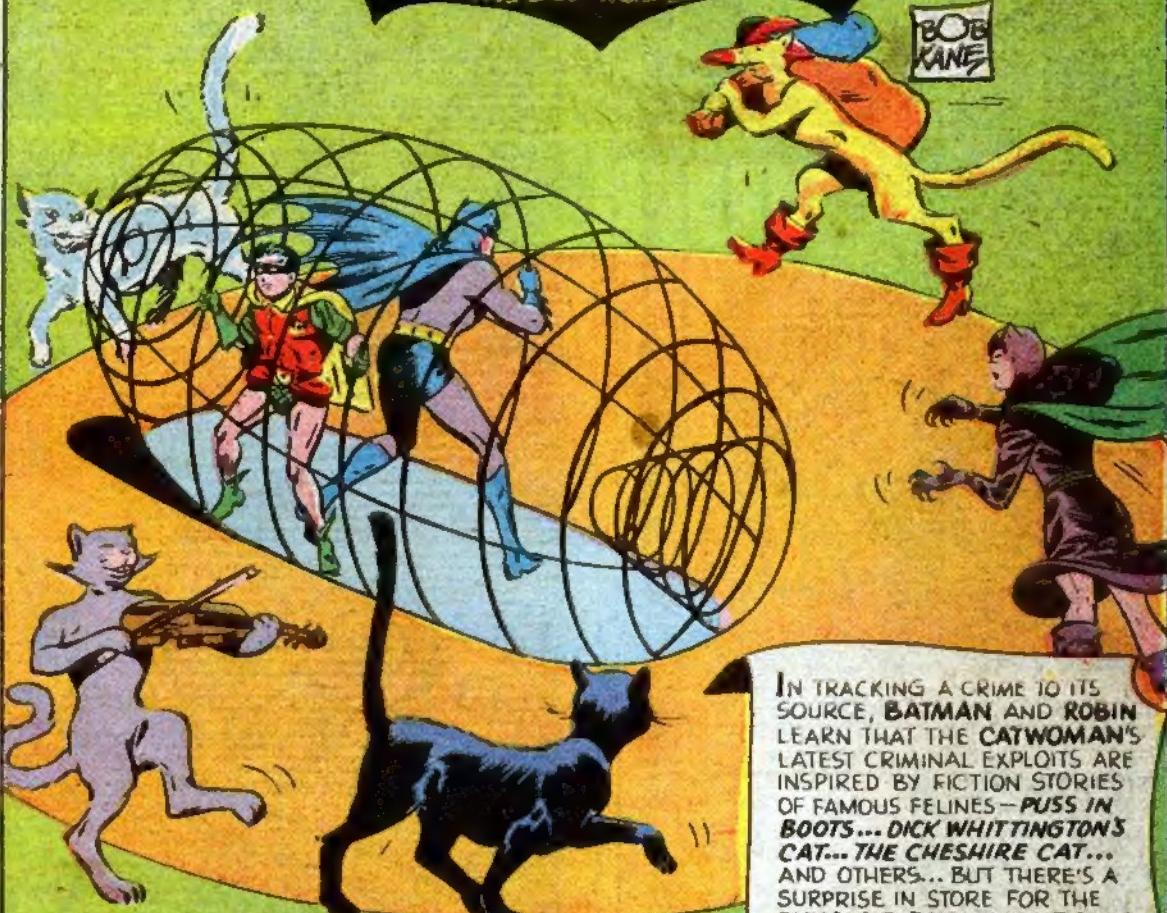
In ever increasing supply. This little camera, priced at only \$2, plus tax, can go with you anytime, anywhere. Just the thing for "starters." Gets clear, bright, big pictures. No adjustment, no focusing. Once loaded—it's set for action!

Kodak

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

BOB
KANE



"CLAWS of the CATWOMAN!"

IN TRACKING A CRIME TO ITS SOURCE, BATMAN AND ROBIN LEARN THAT THE CATWOMAN'S LATEST CRIMINAL EXPLOITS ARE INSPIRED BY FICTION STORIES OF FAMOUS FELINES—PUSS IN BOOTS... DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT... THE CHESHIRE CAT... AND OTHERS... BUT THERE'S A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE DYNAMIC DUO WHEN IT FINDS THE LAST CHAPTER SCRATCHED IN TERROR BY...

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USUALLY A CANARY IS IN A CAGE, BUT THIS TIME IT'S A CAT—THAT CRIME QUEEN—THE CATWOMAN!

MAIL FOR YOU,
KITTEN! IT'S A
BOOK!

THANKS!

Famous Felines
IMMORTAL CATS
OF FICTION.

Dedicated to the
CATWOMAN, who
knows how to
spell CAT.

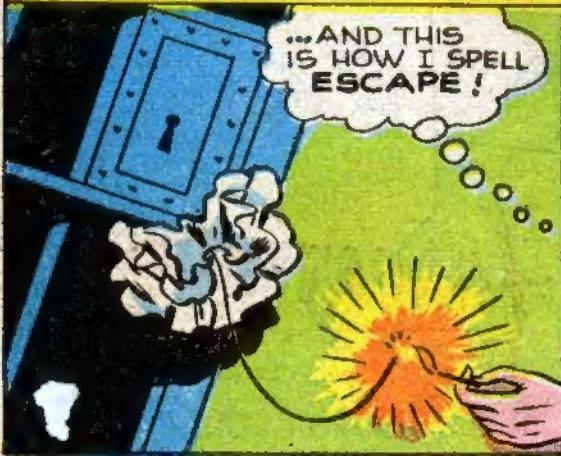
"SPELL
CAT"... THAT'S
THE CODE KEY!
MY GANG HAS
FOLLOWED
ORDERS TO THE
LETTERS!

FIRST—I TEAR OUT THE
THIRD PAGE, WHICH
CORRESPONDS TO THE
THIRD LETTER OF
THE ALPHABET—C...



THEN THE CATWOMAN ROLLS THE PAGES
INTO A TIGHT BALL, ATTACHES A STRING
THAT BECOMES A FUSE...

...AND THIS
IS HOW I SPELL
ESCAPE!



...THEN, PAGES
ONE AND TWENTY,
MEANING LETTERS
A AND T! THAT'S
HOW I SPELL
C-A-T!



BOOM!

Gotham Gazette

CATWOMAN
ESCAPES JAIL!

USES CHEMICALLY TREATED
PAGES OF BOOK TO MAKE
A BOMB WHICH BLASTS
A CELL DOOR OPEN!



LATER... THE LAIR OF THE CATWOMAN!



THE NEXT DAY, ON A STREET IN GOTHAM CITY...



A POLICEMAN HELPING A CAT—A FAMILIAR SCENE.



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER CAT HELPS HERSELF-TO GEMS!



LATER... THOSE UNOFFICIAL LAWMEN, BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON—ALIAS BATMAN AND ROBIN—THINK ABOUT IT ALSO...





THE AUDIENCE NOW SEES A MORE EXCITING SHOW THAN WAS ADVERTISED!

IT'S ROBIN,
THE BOY
WONDER!

RIDE 'EM,
ROBIN!

YAHOO!
THERE GOES
BATMAN!

WOA!
DON'T BE BULL-
HEADED! LIE
DOWN AND
REST!

THAT IS
SHORE PRETTY,
ROBIN; BATMAN!
THAT ROUNDS UP THE
LAST OF 'EM! BY THE
WAY—THE CATWOMAN
DROPPED THIS.

DICK
WHITTINGTON?

NEXT CHAPTER
"DICK
WHITTINGTON'S
CAT"

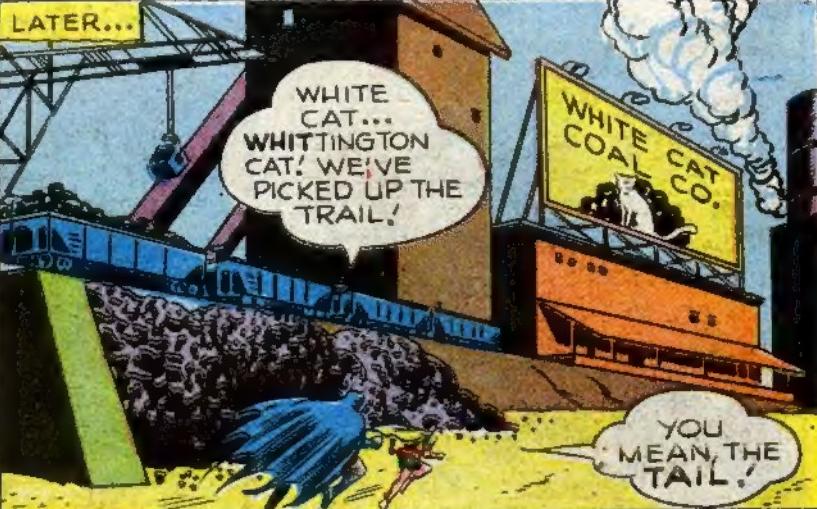
YES—
YOU REMEMBER
THE STORY OF DICK
WHITTINGTON, WHO
BECAME LORD MAYOR
OF LONDON BECAUSE
OF HIS CAT?

OH, YES—HIS CAT KILLED
THE RATS ON A FOREIGN
ISLAND AND THE
GRATEFUL KING
BOUGHT IT FOR
A SMALL FORTUNE!

A NICE
STORY,
BUT NOT
TRUE!



IN THE 14 TH CENTURY, THE TYPE OF SHIP THAT CARRIED COAL WAS CALLED A "CAT"! THE REAL DICK WHITTINGTON MADE A FORTUNE WITH HIS "CAT"—A SHIP-HAULING COAL!

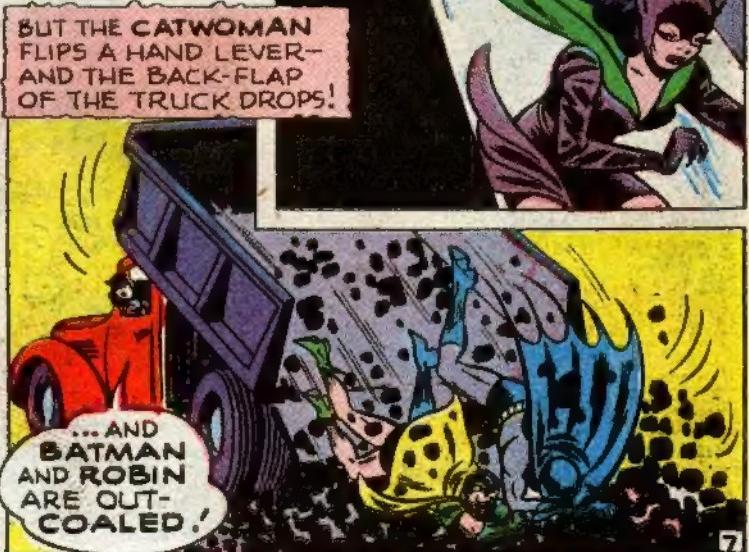


INSIDE THE PAYMASTER'S OFFICE...



YES, IT'S A CAT... GIVING HER PACK THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL!





LATER, THEY AWAKEN...

A TROWEL...BRICKS...CEMENT!

SHE TOOK OUR UTILITY BELTS!

YES, I'M GOING TO WALL YOU IN—JUST AS THE BLACK CAT WAS IN POE'S FAMOUS STORY!

REMEMBER THE CHESHIRE CAT, OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"? AND HOW IT DISAPPEARED A LITTLE AT A TIME...

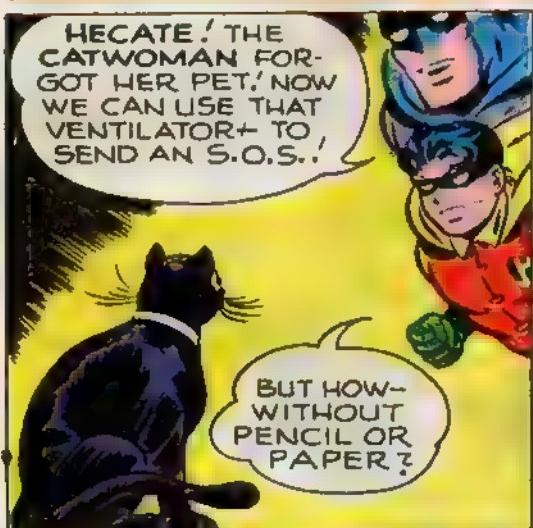
TILL I FINISH MY SERIES OF CRIMES! YOU WON'T SUFFOCATE—THERE'S AN AIR VENT ABOVE YOU!

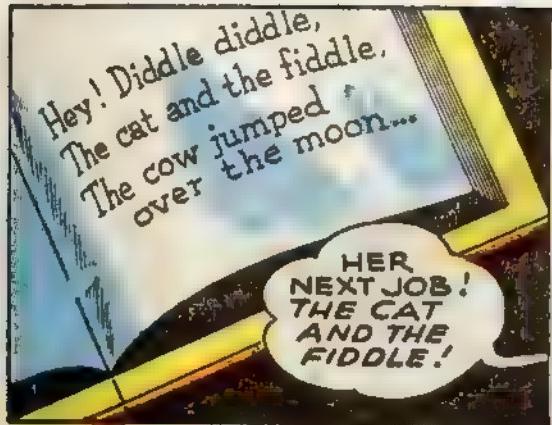
SO THIS IS TO BE OUR TOMB?

...ONLY ITS SMILE REMAINED! THEN...

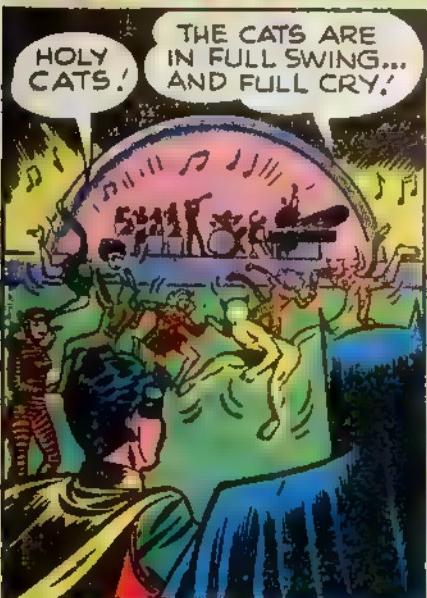
...THE CAT VANISHED COMPLETELY!

AND AS THE LAST BRICK GOES INTO PLACE, LIKE THE CHESHIRE CAT, THE CATWOMAN DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW—LEAVING THE DYNAMIC DUO ENTOMBED!





THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—JIVE SPOT FOR HEP-CATS!





ATOP THE GIANT CAT SIGN,
THE CATWOMAN AND
BATMAN FIGHT IT OUT!

GIVE UP, KITTY?

NEVER!

TAKE ONE
MORE
STEP AND
I'LL
CLAW
YOU!

BUT BATMAN PLAYS IT SMART—HE PULLS A WIRE
VIOLIN "STRING", AND...

THAT'S
MUSIC TO MY
EARS!

EEEK!

N.NN.NN.NNG!

HELP!
I'M STUCK!
I CAN'T
MOVE

GOOD!
NOW YOU
CAN LISTEN
TO MY VERSION
OF A FAMOUS
FELINE OF FICTION!
REMEMBER THE
"BELL THE CAT"
STORY?

IT'S A STORY OF HOW SOME
MICE WANTED TO HANG A
BELL ON A CAT SO
THEY'D BE WARNED
OF HER APPROACH!
WELL, KITTEN, I'VE
JUST
HUNG A
BELL ON
YOU!

AND BATMAN ISN'T KIDDING!
FOR BELOW, A POLICE CAR,
ROLLS UP, ITS BELL CLANG-
ING WILDLY!

Pete REISER

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR

CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES

"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
34 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL

WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?

"DON'T CATCH
ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. "THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES 'EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE."
MAKE IT WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE. WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES, PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD

WHEATIES

**"BREAKFAST
WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT
OF CHAMPIONS"**

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BATMAN

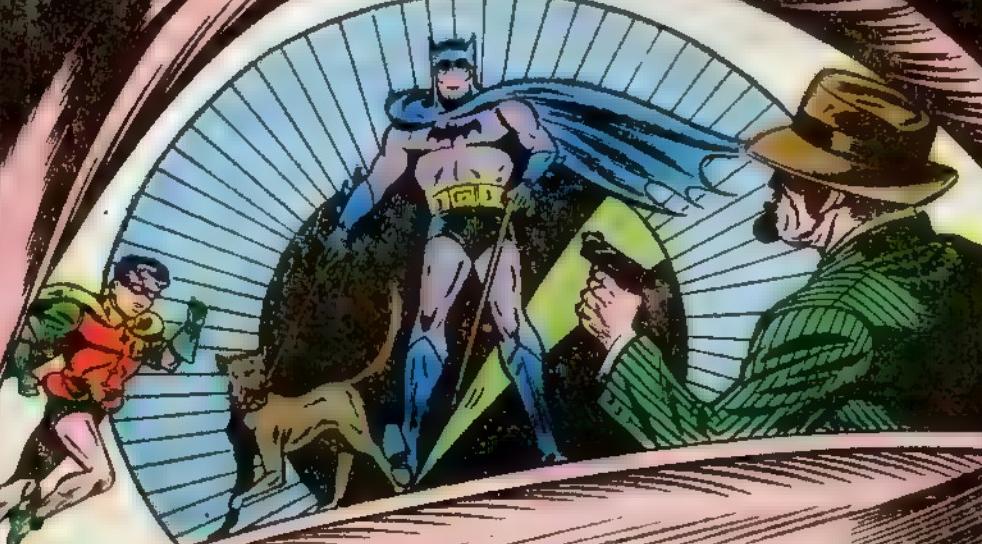
WITH
ROBIN

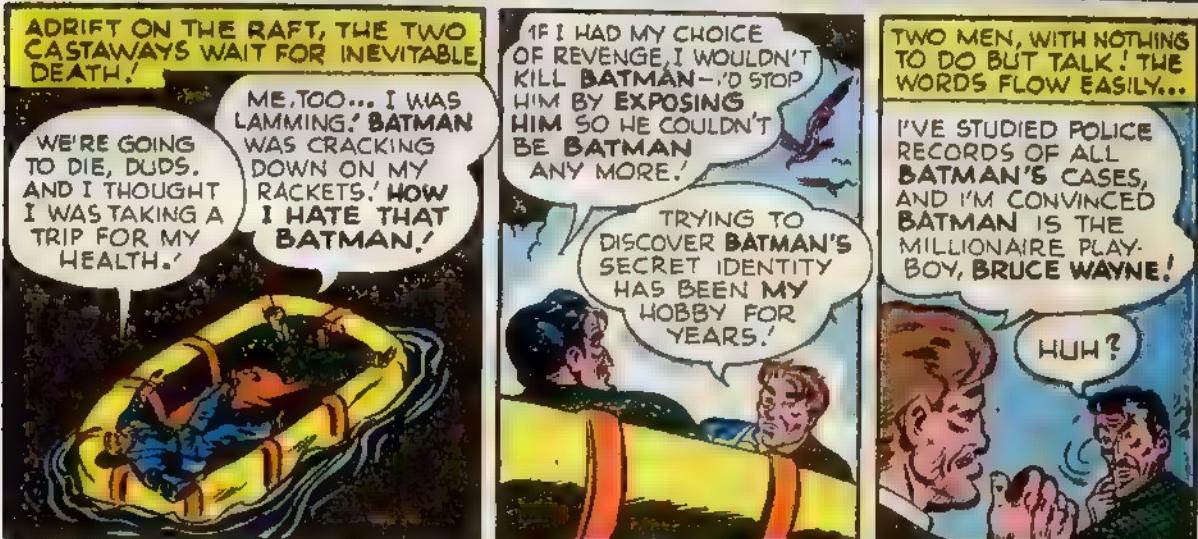
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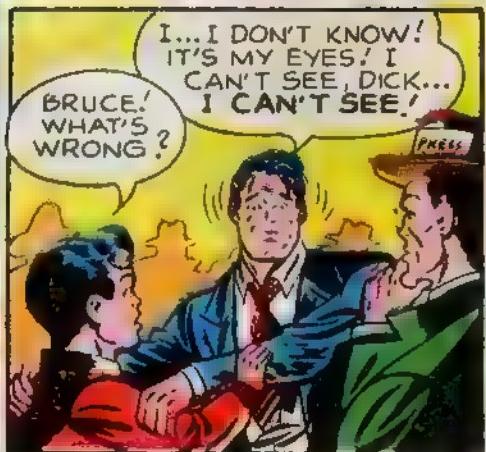
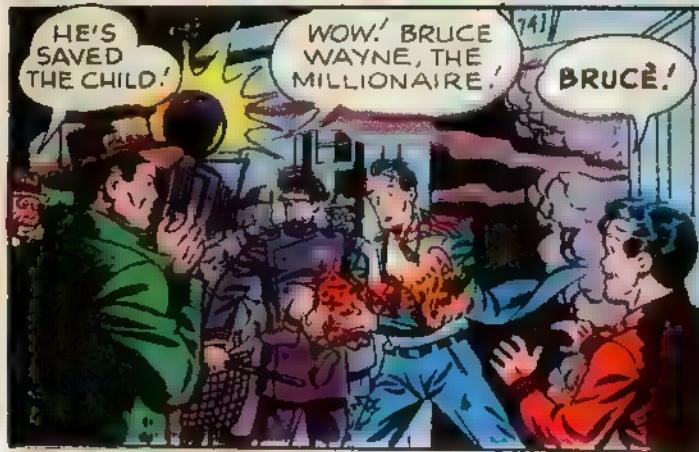
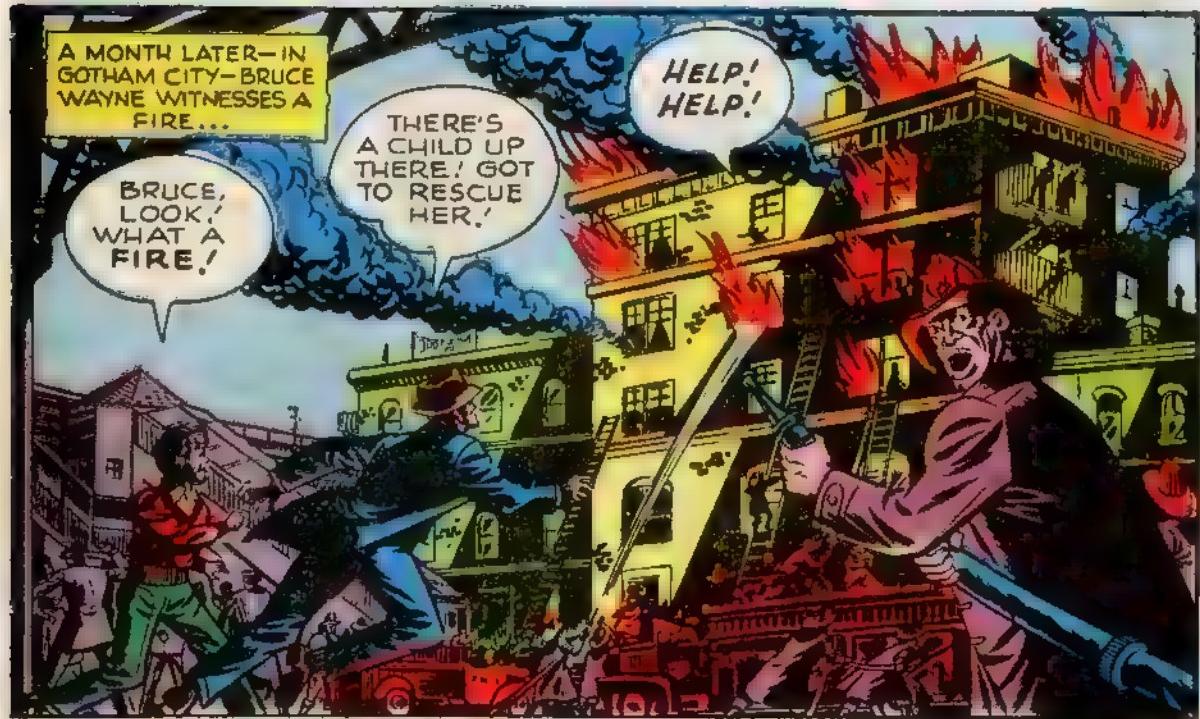
BOB KANE

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF BATMAN WERE SUDDENLY TO GO BLIND? AND SUPPOSE GANGLAND WERE TO SUSPECT THAT HE WAS BLIND? BATMAN...BLIND AS A BAT! JUST IMAGINE IT—BATMAN IN A DARK WORLD WHERE KNIVES GLITTER AND GUNS GLEAM...AND HE CANNOT SEE THEM! AND SOMEWHERE IN THAT DARKNESS, LURKS AN ENEMY, WHOSE HAND REACHES OUT TO UNMASK HIM, AND EXPOSE HIS SECRET IDENTITY TO THE WORLD! WHAT CAN A BLIND MAN DO IN SUCH A SITUATION? HOW BATMAN MEETS THIS CHALLENGE IS THE STORY OF THE MOST PERILOUS GAME EVER PLAYED...A DEADLY GAME OF WITS KNOWN AS...

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!









BUT DON'T WORRY - IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY! THE FIRE SEARED THE OPTIC NERVE. IT'S LIKE SNOW BLINDNESS! YOU'LL BE BLIND FOR 72 HOURS!

OH!



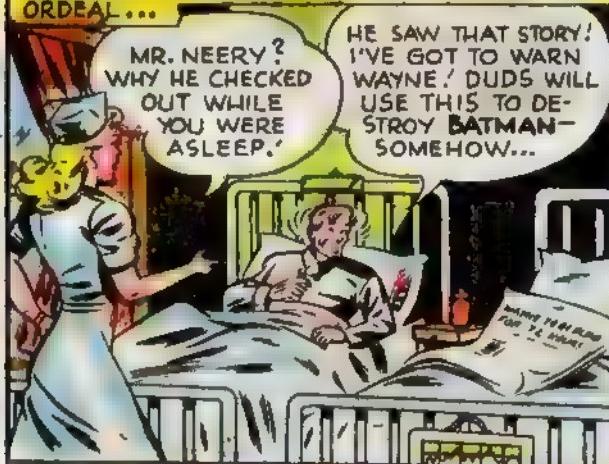
BY TOM GOTHAM CAGETTE / JEW

WAYNE TO BE BLIND
FOR 72 HOURS!

PLAYBOY HERO RESCUES TENEMENT
CHILD, TEMPORARILY LOSES EYESIGHT



AND IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE DAN GRADY AND DUDS NEERY ARE RESTING UP FROM THEIR SEA ORDEAL...



LATER...

MR. WAYNE
I'M NOT POSITIVE

YOU'RE BATMAN, BUT
DUDS IS. SO IF YOU
ARE THE BATMAN,
BE CAREFUL!

ME...
BATMAN?

HA! HA! I
NEEDED A
GOOD LAUGH,
AND YOU GAVE
IT TO ME!

HA!
HA!



HOWEVER,
THANKS FOR
YOUR CONCERN,
GRADY!

BUT DUDS
IS OUT TO GET
YOU. WATCH
YOURSELF!



THE
BAT SIGNAL!
THAT'S THE LAST
STRAW! WHAT'LL
WE DO NOW?

YOU GO ALONE!
TELL COMMISSIONER
GORDON I'M BUSY...
IN THE LAB!





LATER... ROBIN
RETURNS...

WE'RE LUCKY! NO HURRY CALL! JUST THIS LETTER MARKED URGENT, ADDRESSED TO BATMAN!

YOU'RE MY EYES, NOW,
ROBIN.
READ IT TO ME!

"DEAR BATMAN, OR SHOULD I SAY—BRUCE WAYNE? YES, I KNOW YOUR SECRET, AND WILL PROVE IT. I DARE YOU TO TRY AND STOP ME FROM ROBBING THE POLAR FURS STORAGE LOFT AT 9 O'CLOCK TONIGHT. IF YOU DON'T ACCEPT THIS DARE, THE UNDERWORLD WILL KNOW YOU'RE WAYNE, AND BLIND FOR 72 HOURS."

SIGNED: DUDS NEERY.

I'LL CALL THE POLICE AND TIP THEM OFF!

NO, ROBIN! I MUST ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE! IF I DON'T, IT'S THE END OF BATMAN!

I'LL HAVE TO BLUFF IT!
IT WILL BE A DANGEROUS GAME OF WITS.
ROBIN—A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BLUFF!

BUT YOU CAN'T RISK IT!
YOU'RE BLIND!

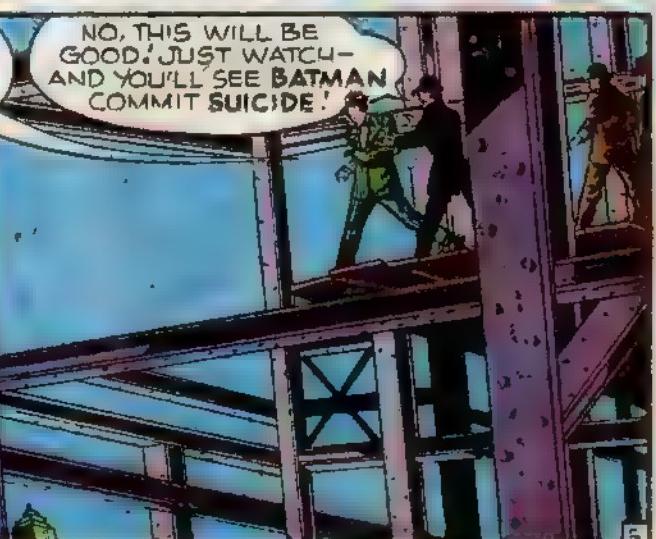
LATER... BATMAN
KEEPS A DATE WITH DANGER.

OKAY! I WILL!

I'M OVER HERE,
BATMAN!
COME AND GET ME!

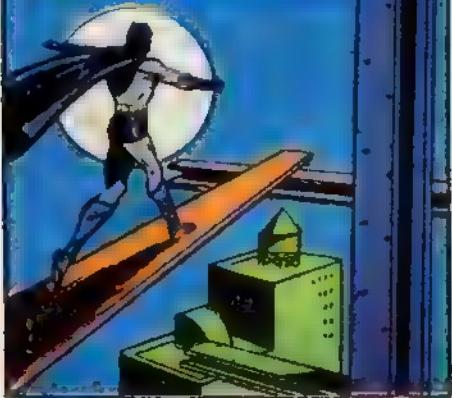
WHY DON'T I JUST PICK HIM OFF?

NO, THIS WILL BE GOOD! JUST WATCH—
AND YOU'LL SEE BATMAN COMMIT SUICIDE!





BUT WAIT—THESE ARE
NOT THE HALTING STEPS
OF A BLIND MAN!



IF HE'S BLIND, HOW'D HE
KNOW JUST HOW FAR
TO JUMP?

HOW? I DON'T
KNOW... BUT IT MUST
BE A TRICK! I STILL
THINK BATMAN IS
BRUCE WAYNE!



THE ANSWER: LIKE AN AIRFIELD
RADIOING TO A PILOT FLYING
BLIND IN A FOG... ROBIN
BROADCASTS TO BLIND BATMAN!



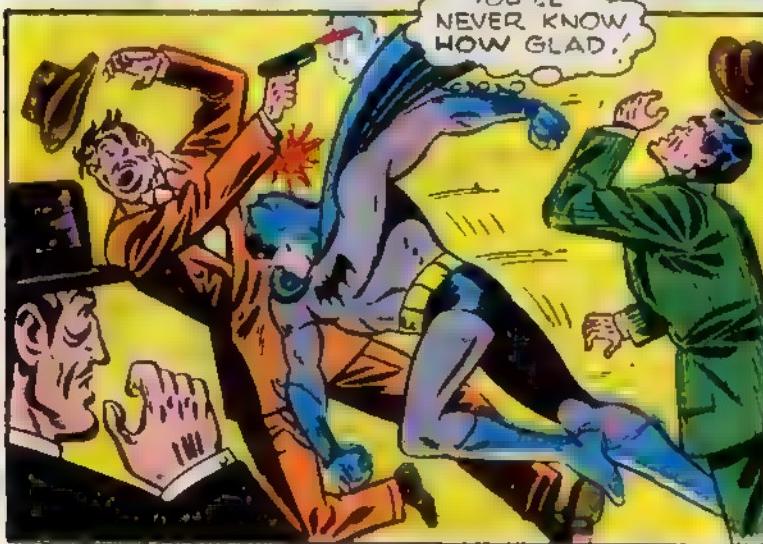
AND TINY EARPHONES, HIDDEN BY BATMAN'S COWL,
ENABLE HIM TO COME IN ON ROBIN'S "BEAM"...

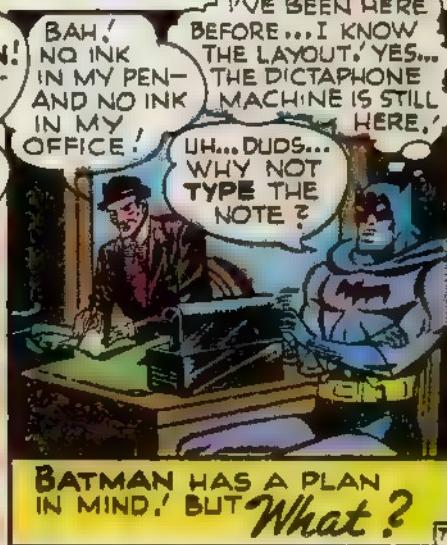
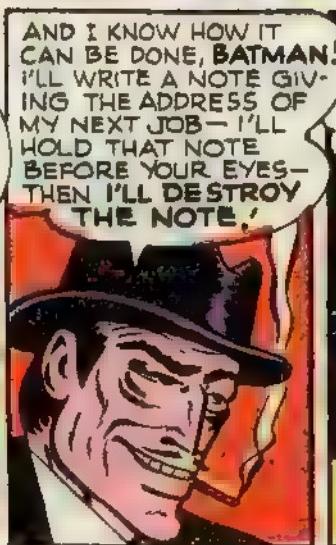
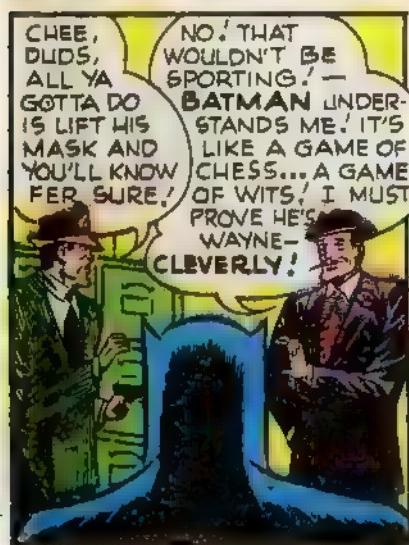
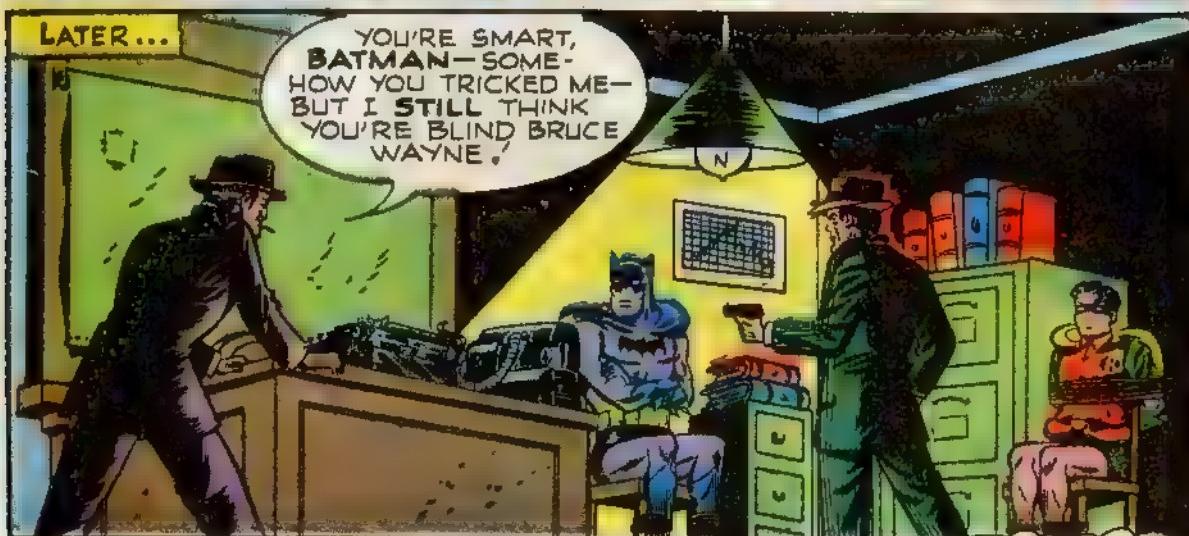
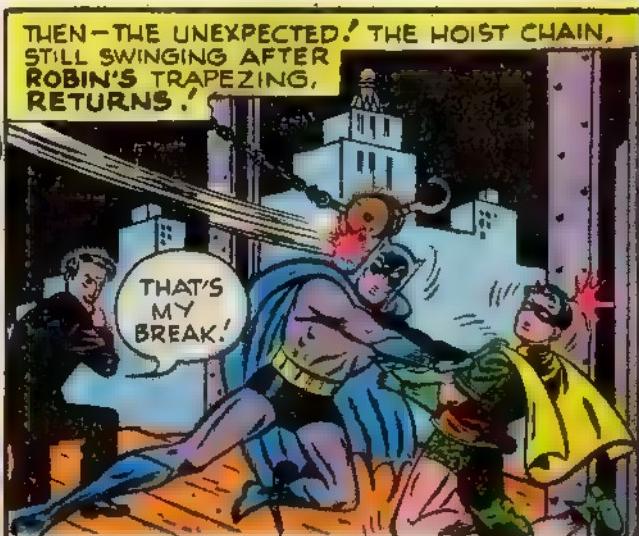


GREETINGS,
DUDS, INC.! GLAD
TO MEET YOU AGAIN!

YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW
HOW GLAD!

YOW! DIS
GUY AIN'T
BLIND!
HERE HE
COMES!







AND DUDS DOES
TYPE THE NOTE!

TAP... TAP... TAP...
TAP... TAP... TAP...

THEN DUDS HOLDS THE TYPED
NOTE BEFORE BATMAN'S
SIGHTLESS EYES ...

TAKE A GOOD LOOK!
READ IT—IF
YOU CAN SEE!

NOW I'M SETTING
THE PAPER AFIRE!

YOU
SCIENTIFIC
DETECTIVES
HAVE A METHOD
OF RESTORING
PRINT ON BURNED
PAPER, SO I'LL
SCATTER,
THE ASHES.

IF YOU AREN'T BLIND,
BATMAN, YOU READ THAT
NOTE—BUT IF YOU ARE
BLIND, YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY
KNOW WHERE I'M GOING
NOW! SO I'LL KNOW
YOU'RE BRUCE WAYNE!
HA! HA!

ALONE BATMAN'S
HANDS FREE HIM-
SELF AND ROBIN...

BUT IT DOES!
NOBODY NOTICED,
BUT I SWITCHED
ON THE DICTAPHONE!

WE'RE
BEATEN! HOW
CAN WE READ
A MESSAGE
THAT DOESN'T
EXIST?

THE DICTAPHONE
RECORD—AND DUD'S
TYPEWRITER
ARE ALL I NEED!

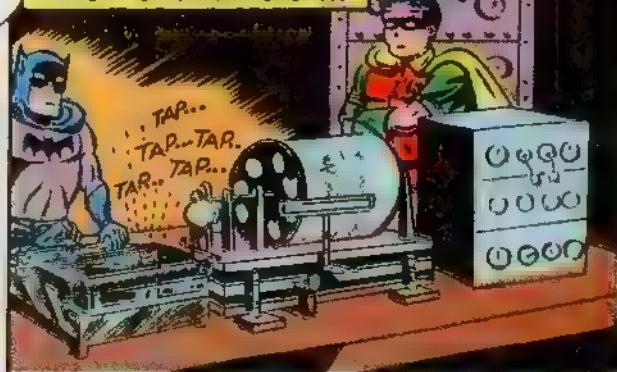
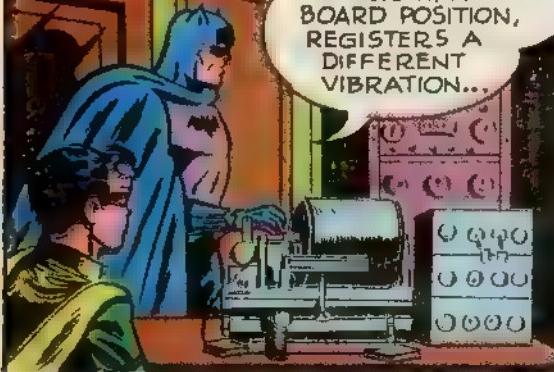
HOW CAN A RECORDING OF
CLATTERING KEYS GIVE BATMAN
THE VITAL MESSAGE?



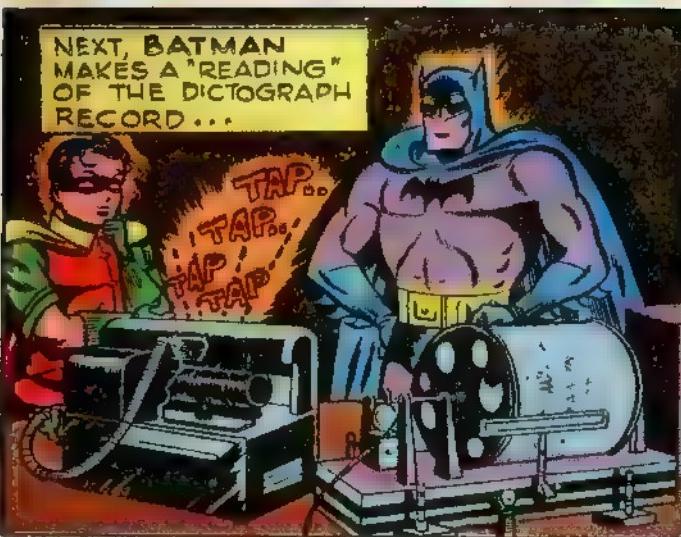
LATER... IN
BATMAN'S
SECRET
LABORATORY...

THIS AUDIOMETER
IS LIKE A SEISMOGRAPH—
IT RECORDS VIBRATIONS
OF SOUND! EACH TYPE-
WRITER KEY, DUE TO
ITS WEIGHT, ITS KEY-
BOARD POSITION,
REGISTERS A
DIFFERENT
VIBRATION...

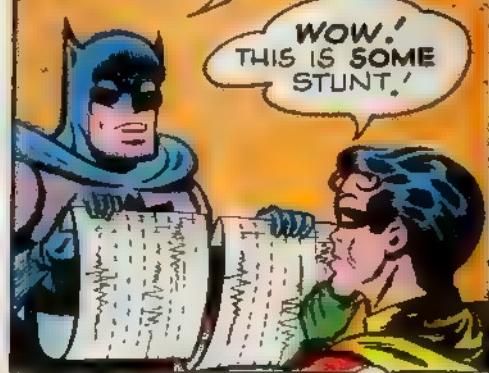
BATMAN MAKES A TEST-
TYPING OF EVERY KEY
ON DUD'S TYPWRITER,
THE SENSITIVE AUDIO-
METER REGISTERING
EACH "SOUNDPRINT"...



NEXT, BATMAN
MAKES A "READING"
OF THE DICTOGRAPH
RECORD...



NOW, ROBIN, IF YOU COM-
PARE THE SHEETS OF "SOUND-
PRINTS" YOU'LL FIND THE
MESSAGE DUDS TYPED.'



AND SHORTLY, THE
DYNAMIC DUO MAKES A
DYNAMIC ENTRANCE!

WHY BE SURPRISED?
ISN'T THIS THE ADDRESS
YOU TYPED ON THAT
PAPER?



BATMAN,
MAYBE DUDS
THOUGHT YOU
NEVER LEARNED
TO READ!

SOUNDS
GOOD.
WISH I
COULD SEE THIS!





SUDDENLY THE TERRIFIED THUGS MAKE A DASH FOR SAFETY!

BATMAN
AIN'T BLIND!
LEMME OUTA HERE!

THERE'S
OUR CAR!

BATMAN...
YOU STAY
HERE! I'LL
GO AFTER
THEM.

AS ROBIN LEAVES, A FIGURE MOVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...

WHY DID ROBIN
LEAVE YOU BEHIND,
BATMAN? IS IT
BECAUSE YOU
ARE BLIND?

ROBIN'S CONCERN IS ODD!
DID YOU TRICK ME AGAIN?
WELL, THIS TIME THERE,
WON'T BE ANY TRICKS.

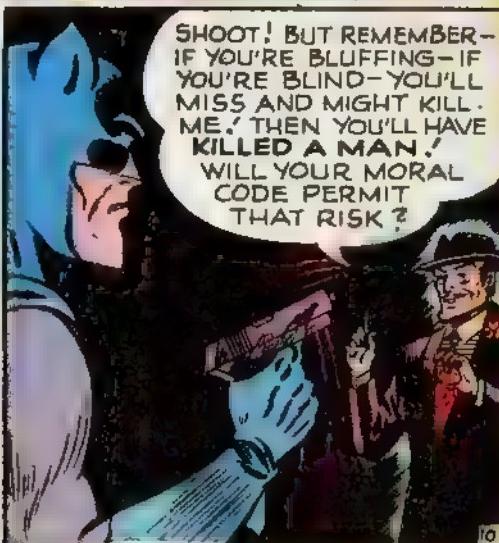
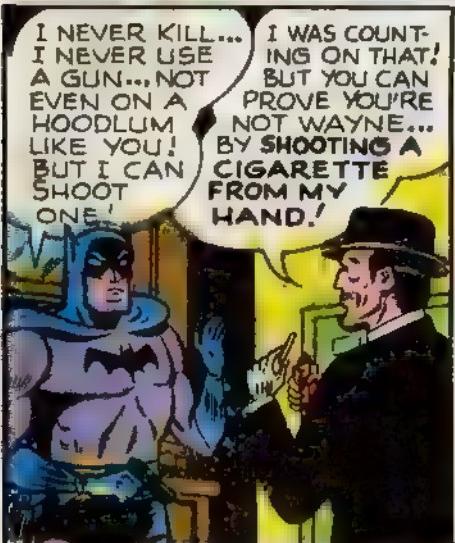
THERE'S MY GUN... IT HAS
ONE BULLET IN IT; I DARE
YOU TO PICK IT UP, AIM IT AT
MY HEART—AND SHOOT.



I NEVER KILL...
I NEVER USE
A GUN... NOT
EVEN ON A
HOODLUM
LIKE YOU!
BUT I CAN
SHOOT
ONE!

I WAS COUNT-
ING ON THAT!
BUT YOU CAN
PROVE YOU'RE
NOT WAYNE...
BY SHOOTING A
CIGARETTE
FROM MY
HAND!

SHOOT! BUT REMEMBER—
IF YOU'RE BLUFFING—IF
YOU'RE BLIND—YOU'LL
MISS AND MIGHT KILL
ME. THEN YOU'LL HAVE
KILLED A MAN!
WILL YOUR MORAL
CODE PERMIT
THAT RISK?



SHREWD,
DUDS.
HE KNOWS
BATMAN
WOULD NOT
RISK KILLING
ANYONE!
BUT IF
BATMAN
DOES NOT
SHOOT, DUDS
WILL HAVE
PROVED HE
IS THE BLIND!
BRUCE WAYNE
NEVER HAS
BATMAN'S
CAREFULLY
GUARDED
IDENTITY BEEN
CLOSER TO
UNMASKING!



DUDS TAKES HIS EYES FROM BATMAN... LOOKS DOWN AT HIS CIGARETTE—AND AS HE DOES SO, A SHOT RINGS OUT.



AND NOW IT IS DUDS WHO IS BLIND—BLIND WITH PANIC!

YOU WIN! I'M GLAD THERE WAS ONLY ONE SLUG IN THAT GUN!



BUT AS DUDS LEAVES HURRIEDLY...

IT'S ME... GRADY THE COP! I HEARD A NOISE UP HERE AND WAS IN TIME TO HEAR DUDS! SO I SHOT THE CIGARETTE IN HALF!

GRADY! I'VE GOT TO PRETEND I DON'T KNOW HIM BECAUSE I MET HIM AS BRUCE WAYNE!



GRADY? I DON'T KNOW YOU, DO I?... WHY DID YOU SHOOT?

THANKS, BUT YOU'RE AS BAD AS DUDS! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO FAST ON THE TRIGGER, I'D HAVE PROVED I'M NOT BLIND BY SHOOTING THAT CIGARETTE MYSELF!

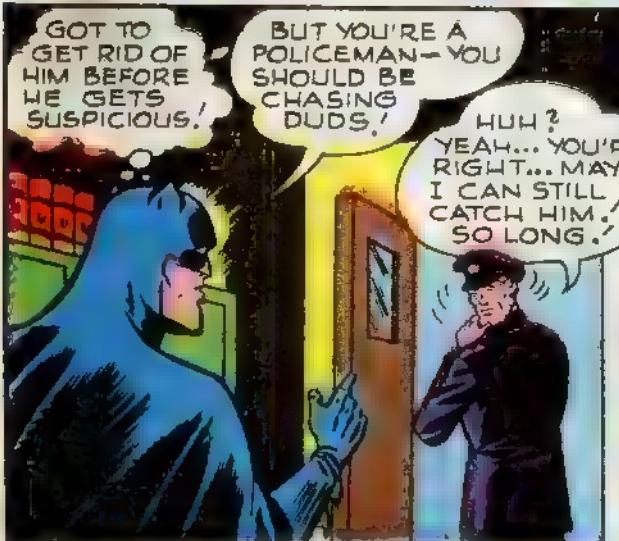
SO DUDS WOULDN'T KNOW YOU'RE BRUCE WAYNE—IF YOU'RE WAYNE!



GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS SUSPICIOUS!

BUT YOU'RE A POLICEMAN—YOU SHOULD BE CHASING DUDS!

HUH?
YEAH... YOU'RE
RIGHT... MAYBE
I CAN STILL
CATCH HIM,
SO LONG.



ALONE NOW, BATMAN USES HIS TWO-WAY RADIO TO CONTACT ROBIN...

... I TRAILED THEM! OH-OH... HERE COMES DUDS... ON THE RUN!

OKAY!
STAY HIDDEN!
GIVE ME THE
HIDEOUT'S ADDRESS...



AT A BUSY CORNER NEARBY,
BATMAN HAILS A TAXI...

WOW! WAIT'LL
I TELL THE MISSUS
BATMAN RODE IN
MY CAB! WHERE
TO, BATMAN?

TAXI!

LATER...

THEY'RE
INSIDE THIS
BUILDING—
ON THE FIRST
FLOOR!

OCULIST

COME
ON—
LET'S
GET
'EM.

SECONDS
LATER!

BATMAN,
LOOK WHO'S
HERE—
DUDS AND
COMPANY!

SO I
SEE!

BATMAN,
YOU TAKE THE
LUG ON YOUR LEFT,
AND I'LL TAKE THE
ONE ON MY RIGHT.

NO
SOONER
SAID
THAN
DONE!

NICE
GOING, ROBIN!
TELLING ME
WHERE TO
HIT SO I WON'T
BE PUNCHING
BLIND!

BUT AS DUDS LEAPS,
A
CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT—
AND THE OCULIST'S DISPLAY
SIGN AUTOMATICALLY
SWITCHES OFF ITS LIGHT
FOR THE NIGHT!

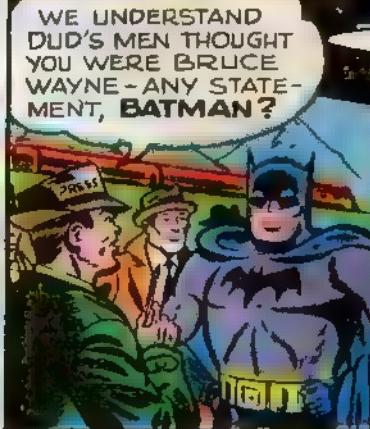
TIME TO LEAVE!
I'LL JUMP FROM
THIS SIGN TO
THE FIRE
ESCAPE...

WHAT...?!!
LIGHT GONE!
I CAN'T SEE.
I MISSED THE
FIRE ESCAPE!
I'M FALLING

IRONIC FATE—DUDS, WHO TRIED TO TRAP BATMAN BY HIS BLIND EYES, IS HIMSELF TRAPPED BY "EYES" THAT SUDDENLY GO "BLIND"!



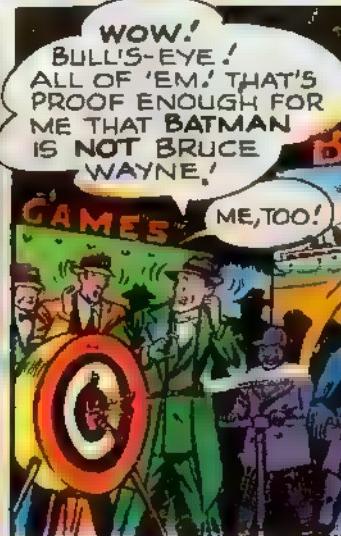
NEXT DAY, THE DUO KEEPS A PREVIOUS DATE AT A TOY STORE TO TELL YOUNGSTERS ABOUT THE EVILS OF CRIME...



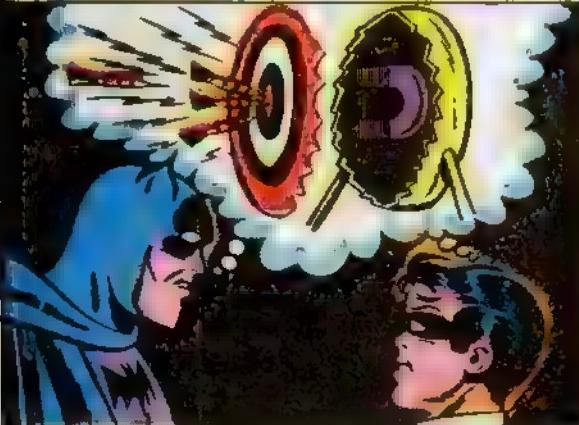
GEE...I'D LIKE TO GET ROBIN'S AUTOGRAPH!

TOYS

SUPPOSE I LET MY ACTIONS ANSWER THAT! WATCH THAT TARGET!



AND BATMAN AND ROBIN GRIN AT EACH OTHER... FOR, ANTICIPATING THIS SITUATION, THEY HAD PUT A POWERFUL MAGNET INSIDE THE DART TARGET!



BATMAN'S SECRET IS SAFE! ALL ARE CONVINCED—EVEN THESE TWO SKEPTICS!



NO USE SAYING THE NOTES THAT I THOUGHT WOULD PROVE BATMAN IS BRUCE WAYNE! JUST SHOWS YOU HOW WRONG A GUY CAN BE!



LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ— ANIMAL PICTURES!



THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

THAT'S FOR US!



HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SLICK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M-

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!

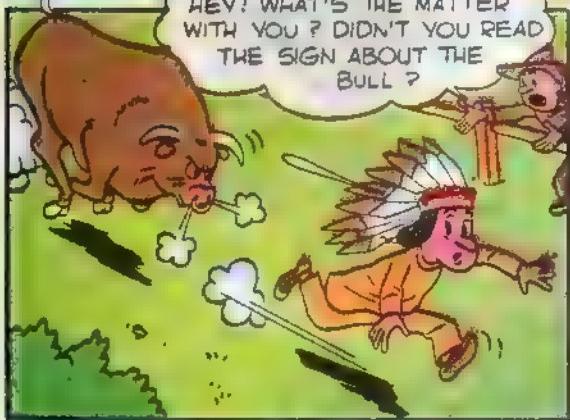
GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—

a picture prize in every package!

EASY—Mom just irons 'em on! Come out sharp and clear—stand many washings. There's one as a prize in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—in KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!





ADVERTISEMENT

TRAPPING THE BANK ROBBER

GEE--LOOK AT THAT
MAN CLIMBING IN
THAT WINDOW

THAT'S THE BANK!
HE MUST BE A CROOK!
LET'S TRY TO CATCH
HIM!

EVERYBODY BACK OUTA SIGHT! LISTEN
FELLAS--GET YOUR FLASHLIGHTS READY!
THEN AT MY SIGNAL---



DEATH STALK

by Bob Baker

MARC BANE moved silently through the woods, every sense alert. The six-guns he had strapped on only a few minutes ago lay snug on his lithe hips. A leather thong held the holsters firm against his thighs.

Woodcraft was a science with Marc Bane, and he now brought it into play all he knew about it. With Indian Charlie on the loose, a man had to keep his senses about him. This was a death stalk, and Marc Bane knew it.

His nervous, questing eyes scanned the ground carefully. Marc Bane knew it would not be easy to pick up Charlie's trail. Even now, the Indian might be watching him, ready to send an arrow of death his way.

From somewhere on his left came the shrill cry of a bird. Marc Bane paused, tense. Was that a signal? He wondered. Does Charlie see me?

For a long moment he stood tense and silent. Then, gradually, he relaxed. He moved forward, eyes on the ground. Suddenly, he stopped and a smile broke the tension in his face. It was only a tiny piece of paper, and it might have gone unnoticed by a stalker less skilled than Marc Bane.

He picked it up, put it in his pocket. "I'm on his trail now!" he told himself exultantly. "And he'll never get away from me!"

Marc Bane's hands stole to his guns, stayed there as he moved forward. To his right a creek burbled softly over the rocks. It was cool in the woods, despite the heat of the noonday sun.

As he thought of noon, Marc Bane's

forehead furrowed. He had just remembered something else, something mighty important. For a moment, he considered turning back, then he shook his head. "Just a little more time," he murmured, "that's all I need—a little more time."

There was a sudden noise in the foliage ahead. Quickly, Marc Bane slipped behind a tree. It was quite possible that Indian Charlie, thinking to shake off his pursuer, might double back on his tracks.

Hidden behind the tree, he waited. The guns were, out of their holsters now, hammers cocked.

He breathed a sigh of relief as three people emerged from a dense part of the woods. They carried picnic baskets with them. They were girls, about fourteen years of age.

Marc Bane watched them with cool eyes as they passed on without seeing him. "Picnickers!" He shook his head. "Mighty dangerous for them to be in the woods right now."

Then he stiffened as the words of one of the girls reached him. She was saying:

"I was scared half to death! Imagine—an Indian!"

One of the other girls laughed. "It was all right, Mildred. You could see he had something on his mind. He wasn't interested in us."

Indian! Marc Bane's pulse jumped. Indian Charlie wasn't far away, and, apparently he was moving north, for the picnickers had come from that direction.

"He knows he's being followed now,"

Marc Bane breathed. "And he'll know it's me that's on his trail. Hot on it."

He stepped from behind the tree. The girls had come from approximately north-east. That could mean that Indian Charlie was working his way along the creek.

"And he's probably heading for the cave," Marc Bane exulted, "to wait for me to show up." He could picture it in his mind—Indian Charlie, beady eyes cold, waiting to send an arrow into Marc Bane.

Confident now that he was on the right trail, Marc Bane cut away from the creek. His circuitous course took him over rocks which played hob with his clothing.

He was breathing heavily as he neared his goal. He had come up behind the cave. Now, moving in a half-crouch, carefully, cautiously he inched toward the cave, sure that Indian Charlie was already there.

Marc Bane dropped to his hands and knees as he reached the top of the cave. Below, the brook rushed past and, over the noise of the water, Marc Bane heard a sound—a human, familiar sound.

A sneeze! There was someone in the cave. Indian Charlie!

Marc Bane looked around. Suddenly, something brushed past his legs. He jumped back, as a yellow form streaked past him. A wildcat. He called it a name, under his breath, for startling him.

Then he stiffened, his breath silent in his throat at the more compelling danger that was before him. The feathers on Indian Charlie's headdress were rising up out of the cave. No time now to reach for a gun. Marc Bane knew how fast Indian Charlie could move.

He leaped.

His arms locked around the lithe form of Indian Charlie and the two, the pursuer and the pursued, rolled on the ground. There was a slight slope to the ground and this Marc Bane had not reckoned with as he tried vainly to get his guns.

"Look out," Indian Charlie grunted, "we're going in."

The warning came too late. Arms still locked around each other, they fell into the brook. The cold water knifed through to their skins. They stopped fighting briefly as they struggled to regain their feet, to get up out of the icy water.

Indian Charlie pushed Marc Bane away. He looked at his wet clothes, his bedraggled headdress. Fear was in his eyes, but it was not fear of Marc Bane's guns.

"Golly, Marc," he said, "you shoulda been more careful, jumping on me like that. Now look at us. Boy, will we get it when Mom sees us!" He bent to slap water from his pants. "What time is it?"

Marc Bane brushed water from his eyes. "I think it's way past dinnertime," he said, "and you know Pop." He, too, looked worried. "I—I forgot to get the meat for his lunch."

Suddenly, his face brightened. "Hey, I saw Mrs. Pearce's cat a couple of minutes ago. He must have run away from home. If we can catch him and bring him back, nobody'll say anything. Come on."

Anxiously, the two foes, allied now, hurried in search of the runaway cat.

And at home, Mrs. Bane was saying to her husband: "Bill, I just don't know what to do with those two boys since you gave them those cowboy and Indian suits. They spend all their time in the park!"

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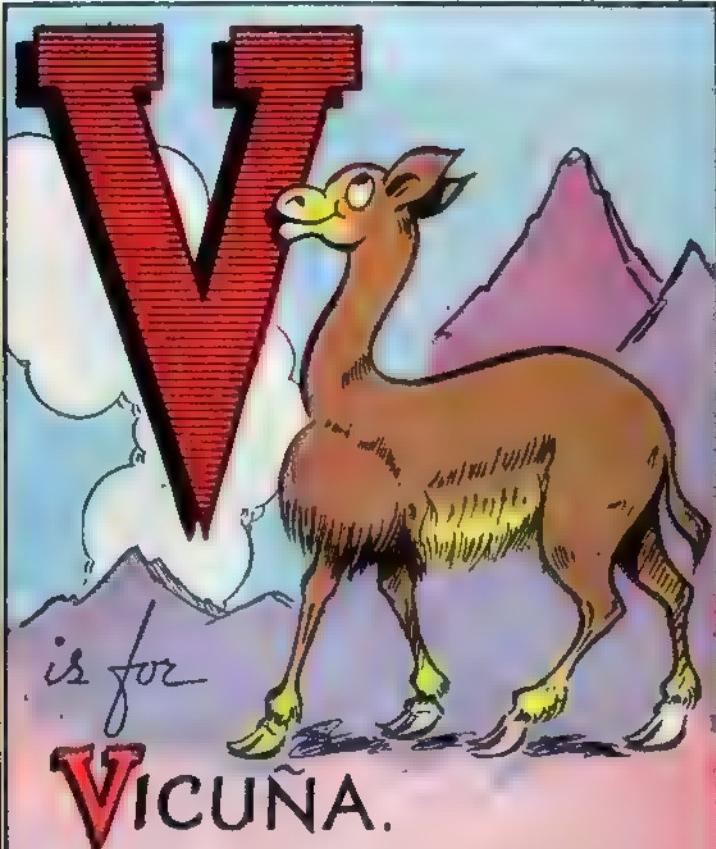
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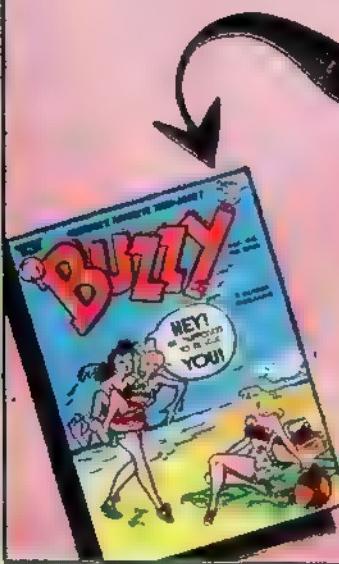


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DOWN SOUTH AMERICA WAY,
HE RUMINATES ON GRASSES
AND HE SAYS
"NOW THAT AIN'T HAY!"
AND AS FOR COMIC BOOKS,
MY FRIENDS,
I'LL TELL YOU FOLKS NO LIE—
THE ONES THAT BEAR
THIS GOOD OLD SIGN
ARE THE ONLY ONES TO BUY!



ON THE COVER OF
BUZZY
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST
IN ANY COMIC
MAGAZINE!

BATMAN

WITH ROBIN

- THE BOY WONDER -

STRANGE AND FEARFUL ARMORED MONSTERS STALK THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY... METAL PROXIES WHO CLANK THROUGH THE NIGHT, OBEYING INVISIBLE MASTERS WHO MOVE THEM LIKE MONSTER MARIONETTES! BUT A MAN AND A BOY CHALLENGE THESE GIANT PAWNS OF PERIL... BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER... WHO BATTLE ALL CRIMINALS, EVEN IF THE BANDITS ARE INHUMAN, LIKE...

THE ROBOT ROBBERS!

BOB KANE

HOTEL

BAR

DANCE STUDIO

DANCE STUDIO



GO

GO

GO

GO

GO

GO

GO

THIS IS "LIFER'S ROW" IN STATE PRISON, WHERE HARDENED CRIMINALS SERVE A SENTENCE SOME CONSIDER WORSE THAN DEATH—LIFE IMPRISONMENT! MEET JAWBONE BANNON...



WHITEY DREBS, WHO HAS SERVED 28 YEARS...



AND FOUR-EYES FOLEY!

IT'S BEEN 36 YEARS SINCE I PULLED MY LAST JOB! BUT I AIN'T RUSTY! IF I EVER GET OUT....



THEN ONE DAY COMES A RAY OF HOPE—A SMUGGLED NOTE.'



NEXT DAY, A RADIO-CONTROLLED HELICOPTER DROPS SMOKE BOMBS—AND A LADDER—OVER THE PRISON YARD, AND...



THE MYSTERY PLANE TRANSPORTS THE TRIO TO A HUGE ESTATE...

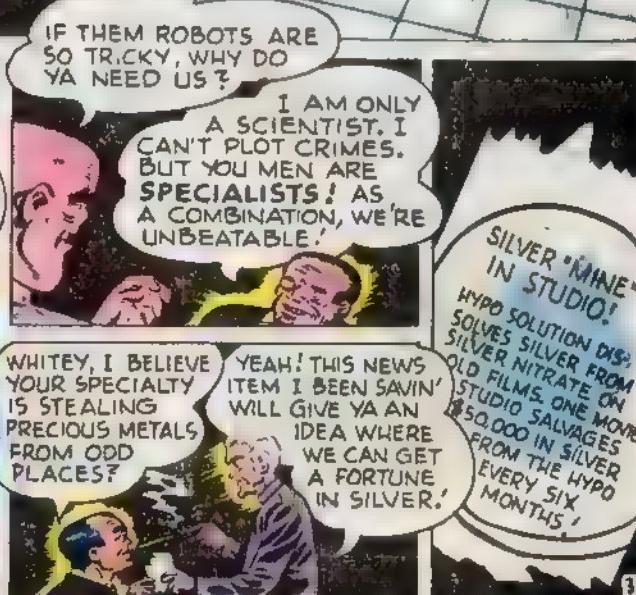
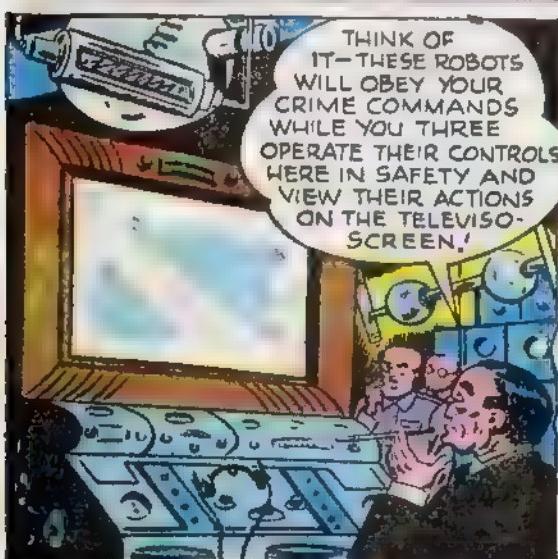
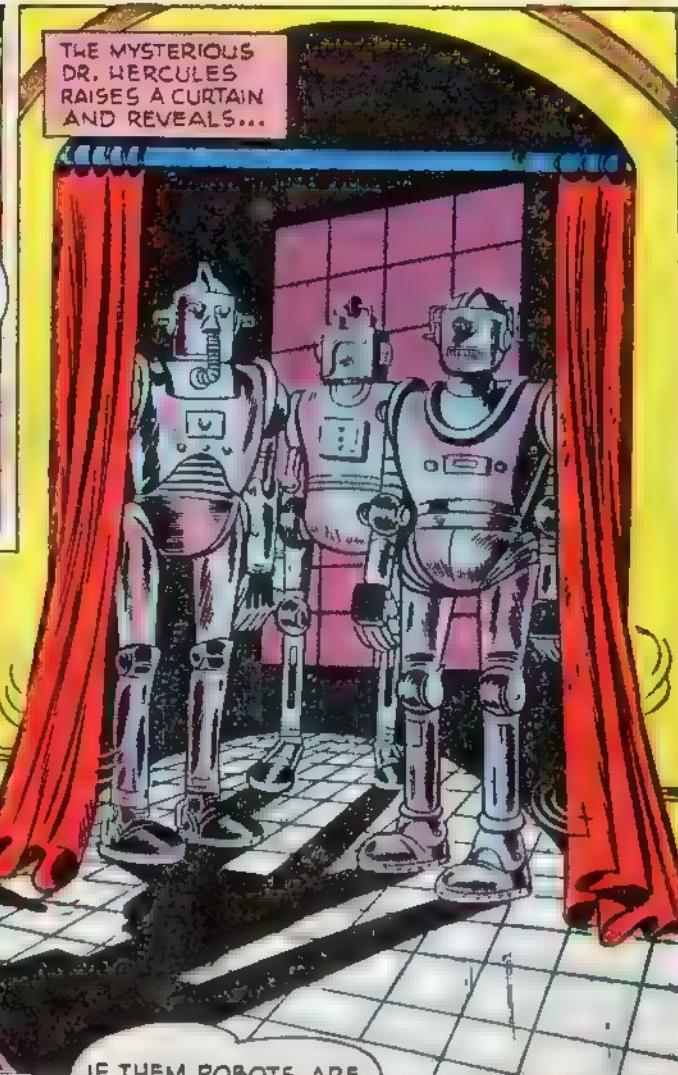




YEAH!
WE GOT
SOME SWELL
IDEAS, BUT
WE'RE
RUSTY!



THE MYSTERIOUS
DR. HERCULES
RAISES A CURTAIN
AND REVEALS...





SOME TIME
LATER...

WHITEY,
THIS WILL BE YOUR
ROBOT! SEE HOW
THE ACETYLENE-
TORCH "HAND"
WORKS—HANDY
FOR SAFES!

SWELL! I'LL
PAINT MY PRISON
NUMBER ON
FER LUCK!
HAW!

NIGHTFALL! AND THE FIRST OF THE ROBOT
ROBBERIES BEGINS AS A HELICOPTER
LOWERS QUIETLY ON A MOVIE LOT...

WHO...?
AGHH!

AND MILES AWAY, BEFORE THE TELEVIS-O-SCREEN, WHITEY
OPERATES THE CONTROLS THAT MOVE THIS METAL PROXY!

OUTSIDE THE
STUDIO WALLS—
THE CRUISING
BATMOBILE!

BOY, THIS
IS JUST LIKE
DIRECTIN' A
MOVIN' PITCHA!

BATMAN, THE STUDIO ISN'T
USED AT THIS HOUR, YET SOME-
BODY SCREAMED!

WHY?

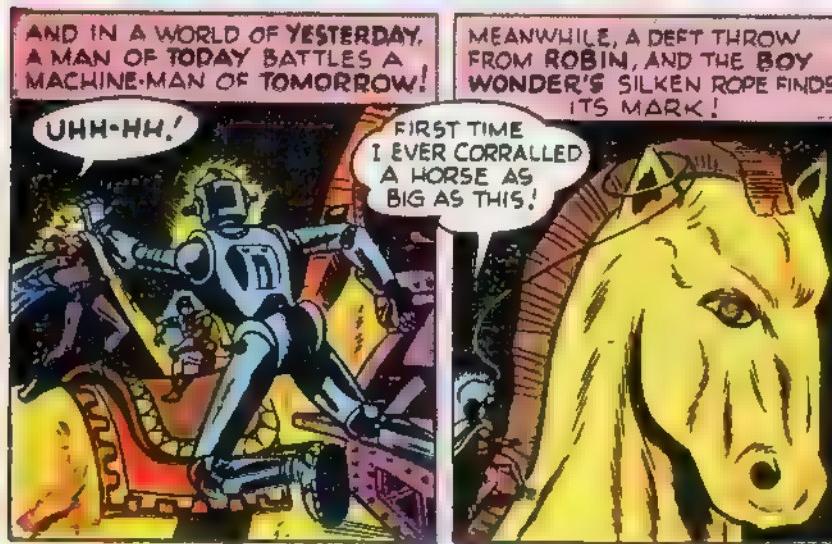
LET'S FIND
OUT, ROBIN!

BATMAN
AND ROBIN!
WE MUST
ELIMINATE
THEM.

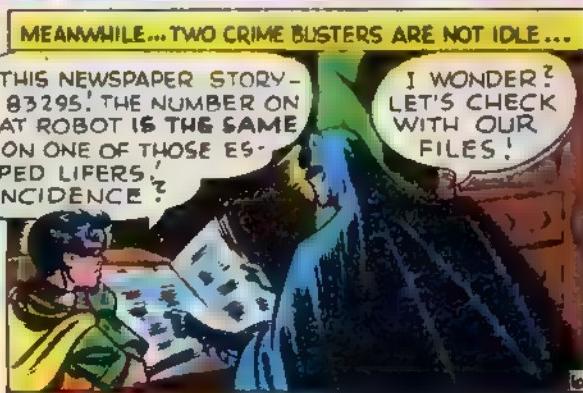
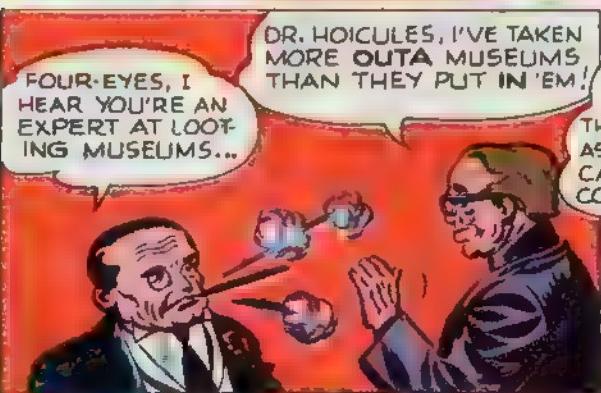
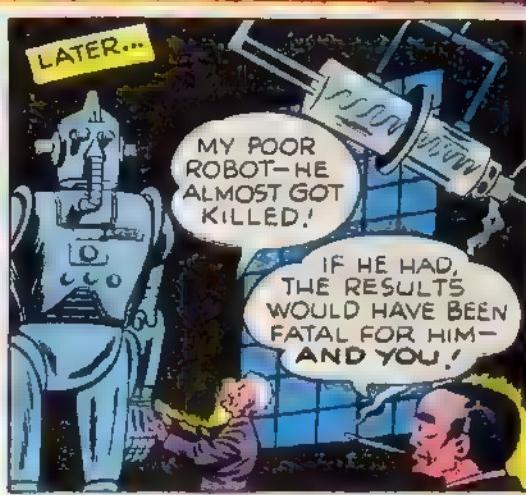
I'LL
KNOCK 'EM
OFF WITH
MY ROBOT

LOOK
OUT, ROBIN!



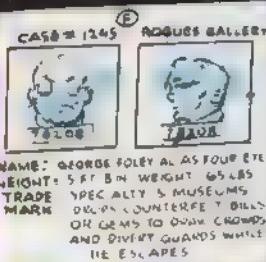


MEANWHILE, BACK AT DR. HERCULES' CRIME CITADEL...





FROM THE BATMAN'S
INGENIOUS FILES THAT
CONTAIN THOUSANDS
OF CRIME HISTORIES
ON MICRO-FILM...



SUDDENLY...
POLICE
ALARMS!

FOUR-
EYES!

CALLING CAR
18! ROBOT IN
GOTHAM MUSEUM!
GUARDS STOPPED
BY CROWDS
FIGHTING FOR
SPILLED
GEMS!

THE METEORIC SPEED OF
THE BATMOBILE
BEATS THE POLICE CAR
TO THE SCENE WHERE...

HE COULDN'T
GET THROUGH
THAT MOB SO
HE'LL HEAD FOR
THE REAR!
COME ON!

WOW!
FREE JEWELS!

DIAMONDS!
FINDERS
KEEPERS!

A SURPRISE THAT'S
GOING TO KNOCK THAT
ROBOT RIGHT OFF
HIS FEET!

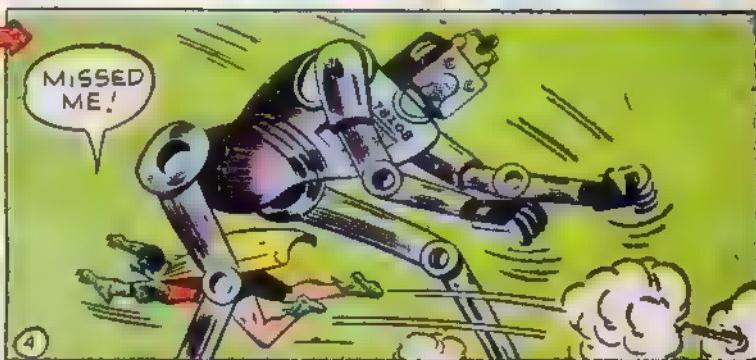
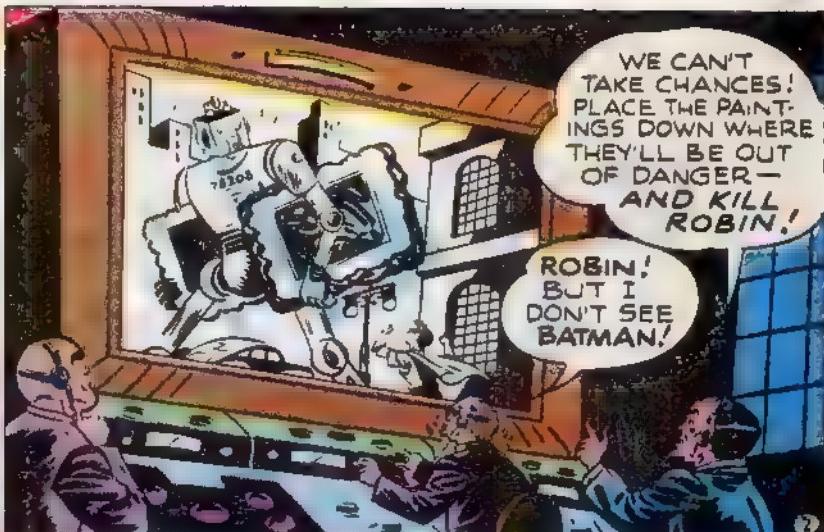
WHAT'S
IN THAT
PACKAGE?

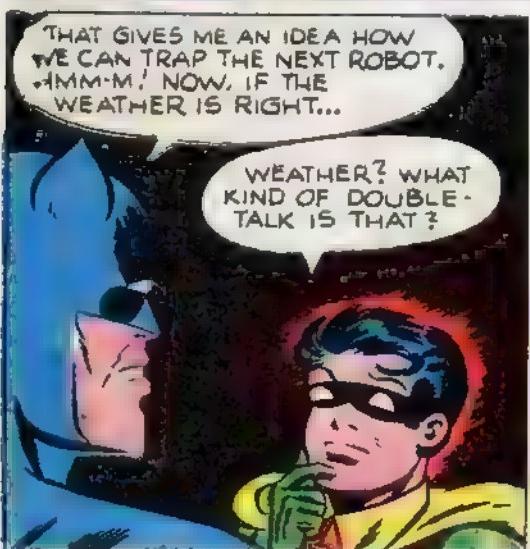
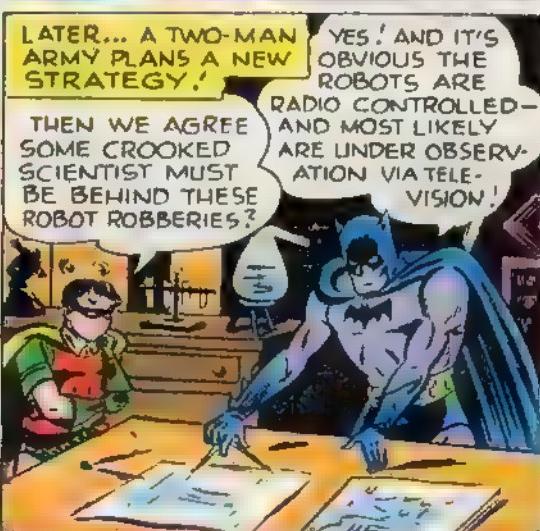
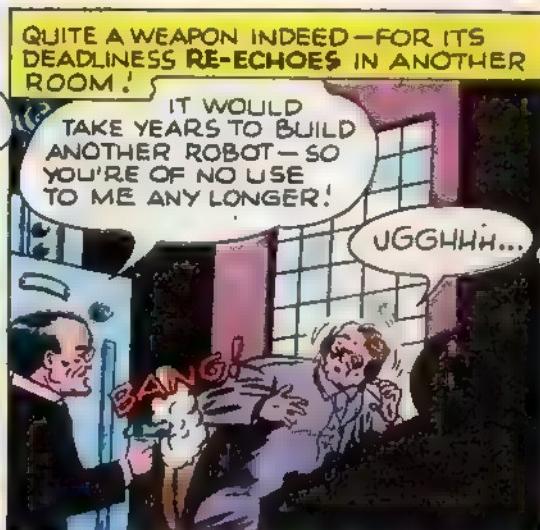
THIS LITTLE
TANK-BUSTER IS
JUST THE THING
FOR THAT METAL
MARIONETTE!

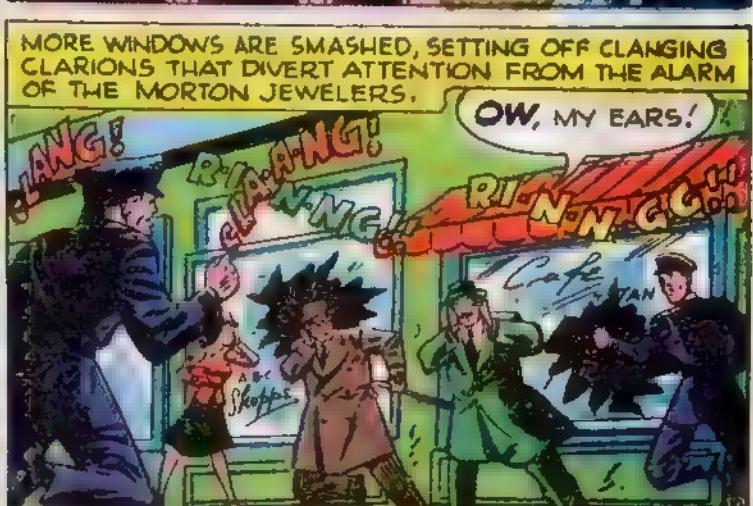
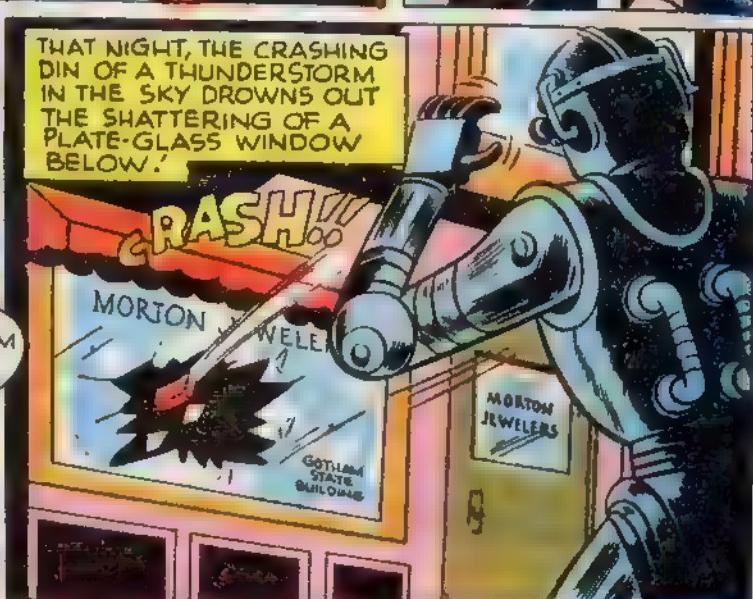
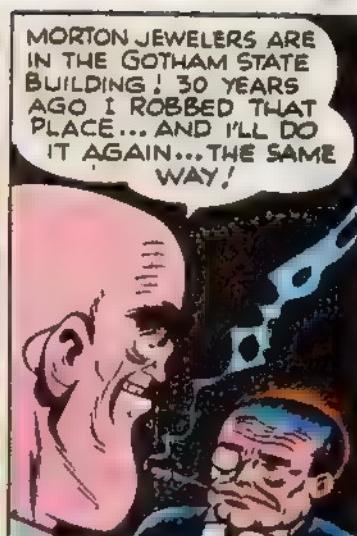
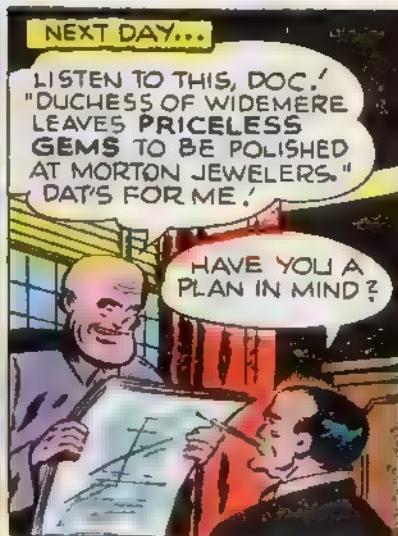
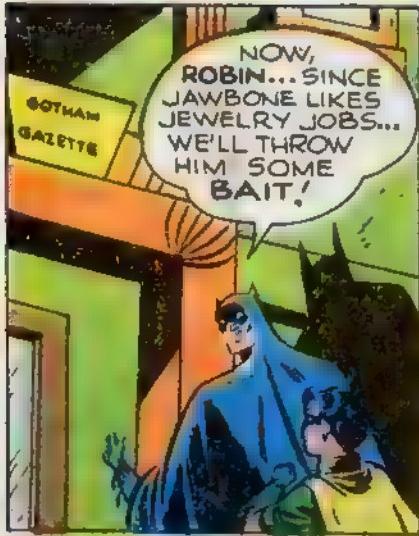
A
BAZOOKA!

HERE
HE
COMES!
GET SET!

WAIT! I CAN'T SHOOT
WHILE HE'S HOLDING
THOSE PRICELESS
MUSEUM
PAINTINGS!







PRESENTLY, IN THE EXPRESS ELEVATOR ROCKETING UP TO THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING'S OBSERVATION TOWER...



BUT ALSO WAITING ARE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

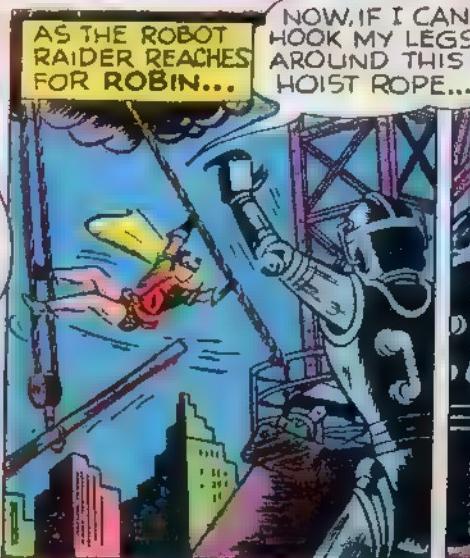
GREETINGS!



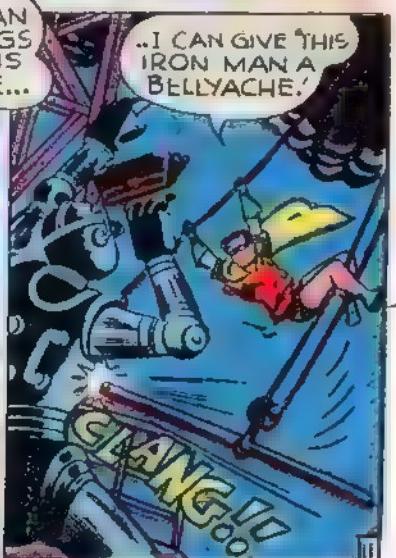
WHAT'LL I DO? THOSE TWO MEDDLERS ARE HERE AGAIN!



AS THE ROBOT RAIDER REACHES FOR ROBIN...



NOW, IF I CAN HOOK MY LEGS AROUND THIS HOIST ROPE...



CLANG!

BACK AT THE
CONTROL ROOM . . .

ANOTHER
BLOW LIKE THAT
COULD INJURE THE
ROBOT'S DELICATE
MECHANISM: FOR-
GET ROBIN . . .
GET YOUR ROBOT
CLIMBING!

AND AS THE ROBOT CLIMBS,
OMINOUS CLOUDS GATHER
IN THE FROWNING SKY
AND THUNDER BOOMS
NEARER . . .

NOW THE ACROBATMAN SPINS ON
THE SLIM, SKY-HIGH, CROSS-BAR . . .

MAYBE
THIS WILL SLOW
YOU UP A LITTLE . . .
METAL MAN!

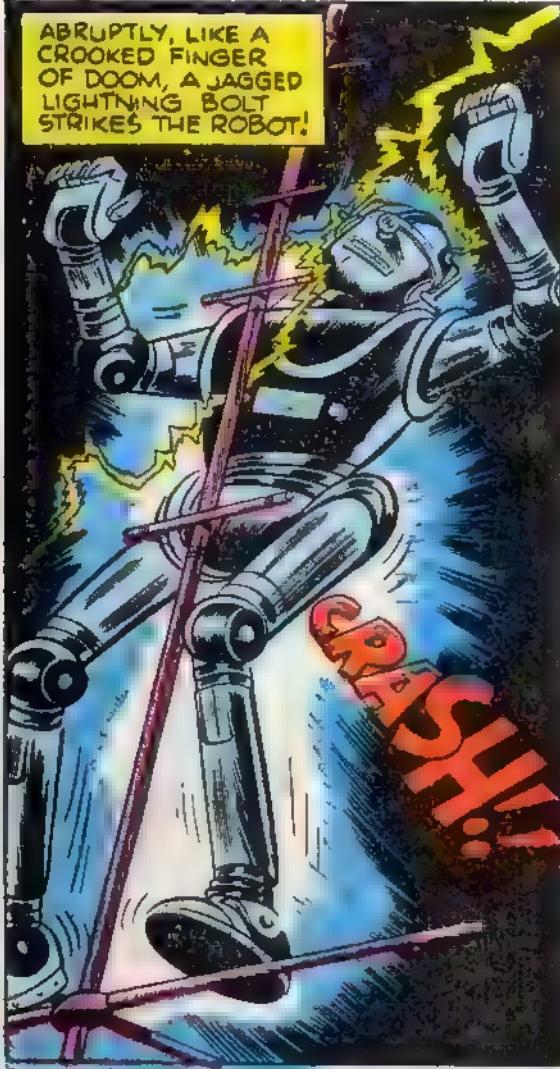
HERE
COMES THE
HELICOPTER!
HE MADE
IT!

NO . . . I
THINK WE
DELAYED HIM
LONG ENOUGH!
HERE COMES
THE STORM!

BUT THE ROBOT
BRUSHES BATMAN
ASIDE LIKE AN
ANNOYING INSECT!
UP HE CLIMBS . . . UP
. . . UNTIL HE IS THE
HIGHEST POINT IN
GOTHAM'S SKYLINE!



ABRUPTLY, LIKE A CROOKED FINGER OF DOOM, A JAGGED LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES THE ROBOT!



LATER, BATMAN EXPLAINS . . .

I KNEW JAWBONE'S METHOD OF CRIME SO I HAD TO LURE HIS ROBOT HERE DURING A LIGHTNING STORM!

BUT WHY WERE YOU SURE THE LIGHTNING WOULD HIT THE ROBOT?

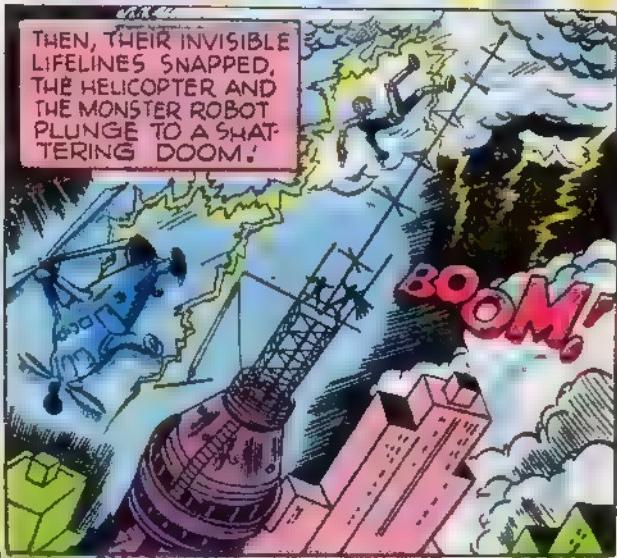
LIGHTNING INVARIABLY SEEKS THE TALLEST POINT IN THE CITY—AND GOTHAM'S HIGHEST POINT IS THE GOTHAM STATE BUILDING—ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S A STEEL ROBOT ON ITS ANTENNA!



AND AT THAT INSTANT— IN THE CONTROL ROOM...



THEN, THEIR INVISIBLE LIFELINES SNAPPED, THE HELICOPTER AND THE MONSTER ROBOT PLUNGE TO A SHATTERING DOOM!



LATER, BY CHECKING SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE HELICOPTER PARTS, THE PURCHASES ARE TRACED TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR HERCULES...

THEY'RE STUNNED—SHOCKED! THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING WAS CONDUCTED THROUGH THE EARPHONES!



THE END

COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

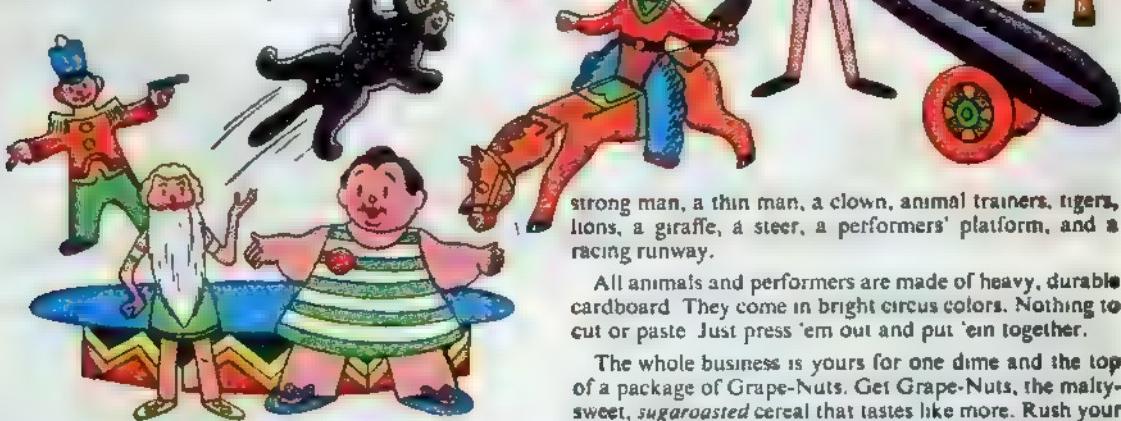
RING NO. 3 of Post's Circus
now ready! Shoot the little man from
the cannon! Make the lively black
leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS
and a GRAPE:NUTS
BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—
wait, wait, wait till you get your
hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little
man from a cannon! The lively black
leopard does real somersaults! There
are cowboys, and bronchos that
sure-enough buck! And that's not
all . . .

You also get a fat lady, an India
rubber man, a bearded lady, a



strong man, a thin man, a clown, animal trainers, tigers, lions, a giraffe, a steer, a performers' platform, and a racing runway.

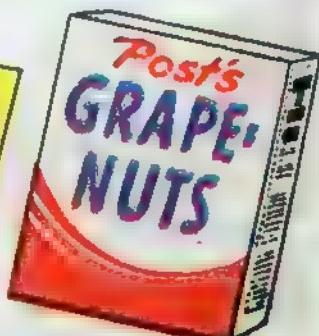
All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to cut or paste. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the malty-sweet, sugaroasted cereal that tastes like more. Rush your box top and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS CIRCUS, Ring No. 3.



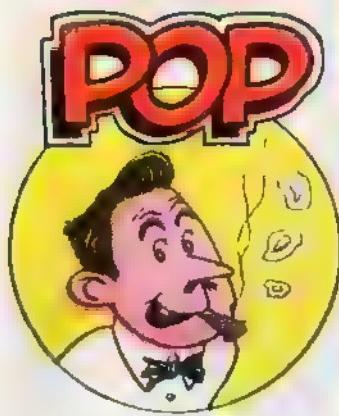
Post's CEREALS CIRCUS
Box 259-B, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here's my box top. Here's my dime. Send me the
big Circus Ring No. 3.

NAME _____
STREET & NO. _____
CITY _____
STATE _____

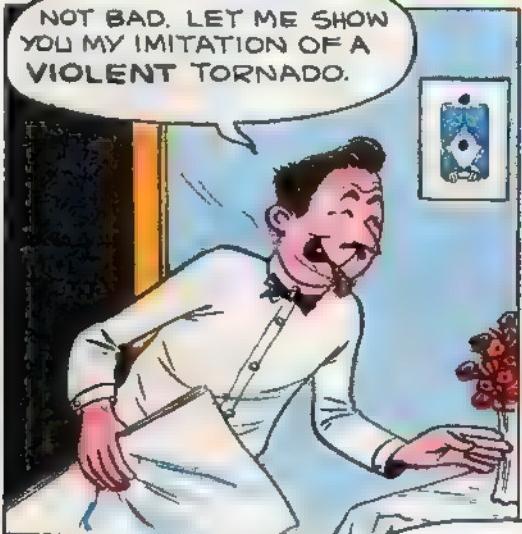




PLAYFUL



NOT BAD. LET ME SHOW
YOU MY IMITATION OF A
VIOLENT TORNADO.



I'LL BACK UP A LITTLE.
IT SOUNDS BETTER AT A
DISTANCE...



GEE, POP, THAT
SOUNDED LIKE AN
IMITATION OF A MAN
FALLING DOWN STAIRS!



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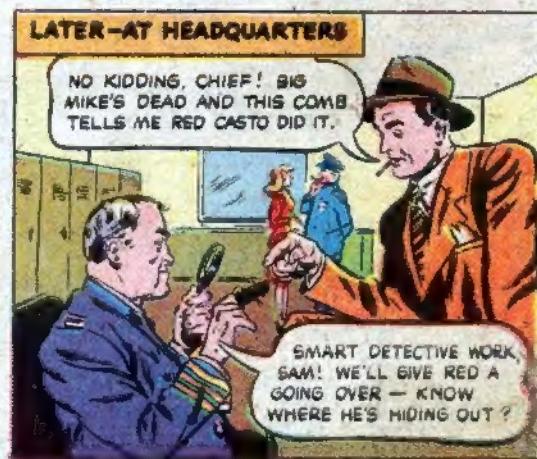
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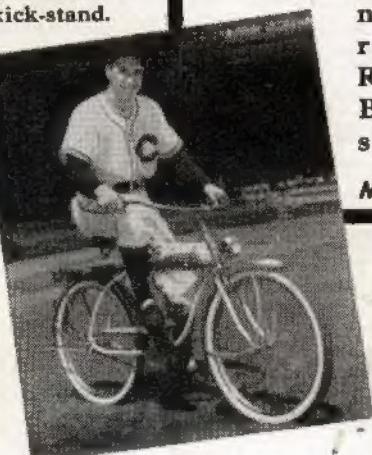
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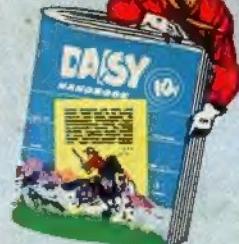
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